

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON.
Office over Granite Bank, Water St., Augusta.
EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

How they use up Sheep in the West.
Ohio must be a great Golgotha for hogs, cattle and sheep. They kill hogs by hecatombs, and oxen by myriads, and what they do not salt down they tumble into big vats, and steam them up for the lard and the tallow. Sheep, too, have to come up to the slaughter by the ten thousands. ELLSWORTH, in his late report, gives the following statistics of sheep slaughtering. Messrs. HOLLISTER & BOALT slaughtered last year 5100, which they say yielded, on an average, nine pounds of tallow. Mr. HOLLISTER slaughtered about 3800, which averaged seven and a half pounds of tallow each.

In Cleveland, Mr. MILLFORD states that 50,000 sheep will be slaughtered the present season. He gives the following schedule of cost and profits:

| | |
|--|--------|
| Cost of sheep, each, | \$1 25 |
| Cost of slaughtering, &c., | 10 |
| Total cost, | \$1 25 |
| Average of tallow, 8 pounds, at 54 cts., | 44 |
| 3 lbs. of wool, each at 33 cents, | 99 |
| For hams, | 5 |
| Total value, | \$1 48 |
| Total cost, | \$1 25 |

So that they get a pretty fair profit per head. In the English Government takes off their tariff on lard oil, it will open a large market for that article, and the way the pigs will have to bleed will be a caution to old porkers. This manufacturing of lard oil from pigs, and of candles and soap from mutton tallow, will prevent our neighbors of the fat prairies of the far west from glutting our markets by their hogs and sheep, which they grow at a cheaper rate than we do, and thus our home market will remain undisturbed.

Cloth Glass for Hot Beds.
If you should wish to construct a hot bed this spring, and should not feel able, or not be in a situation to obtain a regular built glass sash or sashes to cover it with, you will find the following preparation a very good substitute. It is not quite so durable as glass, but answers very well while it does last.

Take common cotton sheeting of the size that you design the covering to be. Stretch it upon a frame, and apply the following substance, viz: take four ounces of pulverized dry white cheese, two ounces of white slacked lime, and four ounces of boiled linseed oil. Having mixed these three ingredients with each other, add four ounces of the white of eggs and as much of the yolk, and make the whole mixture liquid by heating. The oil will combine readily with the other ingredients, and the varnish will remain pliable and quite transparent. It will answer for many other purposes. Semi-transparent window curtains prepared in this way, and landscapes painted on them with dark colors, make a very pleasing appearance.

Yeast from Potatoes.
As it is sometimes convenient to know more than one mode of making an article, we will give you an old method of making potato yeast, which we have somewhere met with. Boil potatoes, of the best and most mealy sort, (for poor, heavy, waxy potatoes are good for nothing for yeast,) till they are thoroughly done and their skins begin to peel off. Strip off the skins, and mash them up very smooth, and put as much hot water to them as will make the mash of the consistency of common thick cream. Then add to every pound of potatoes two ounces of coarse brown sugar, or molasses will answer, and when blood warm, stir in for every pound of potatoes two spoonfuls of old or common yeast. Let this ferment for twenty-four hours.

A pound of potatoes will make in this way very nearly a quart of yeast, and which will keep well for three months—so the cook says. She also says you must lay your bread eight hours before you bake it.

A Cow and a Calf, and a Calf and a Cow.
DEAR DOCTOR:—I see by the last Farmer, that my friend Dr. PIERCE, of Bowdoin, has seen a cow and three calves, and that they were all doing well. Well, that's comfortable.

You call that cow a prolific one. Well, if a cow at seven years old brings three calves and is called a prolific one, what do you put down the one that I have, which brought her first calf (now about eighteen days old) before she was seventeen months and a half old? Shall I christen her Victoria?

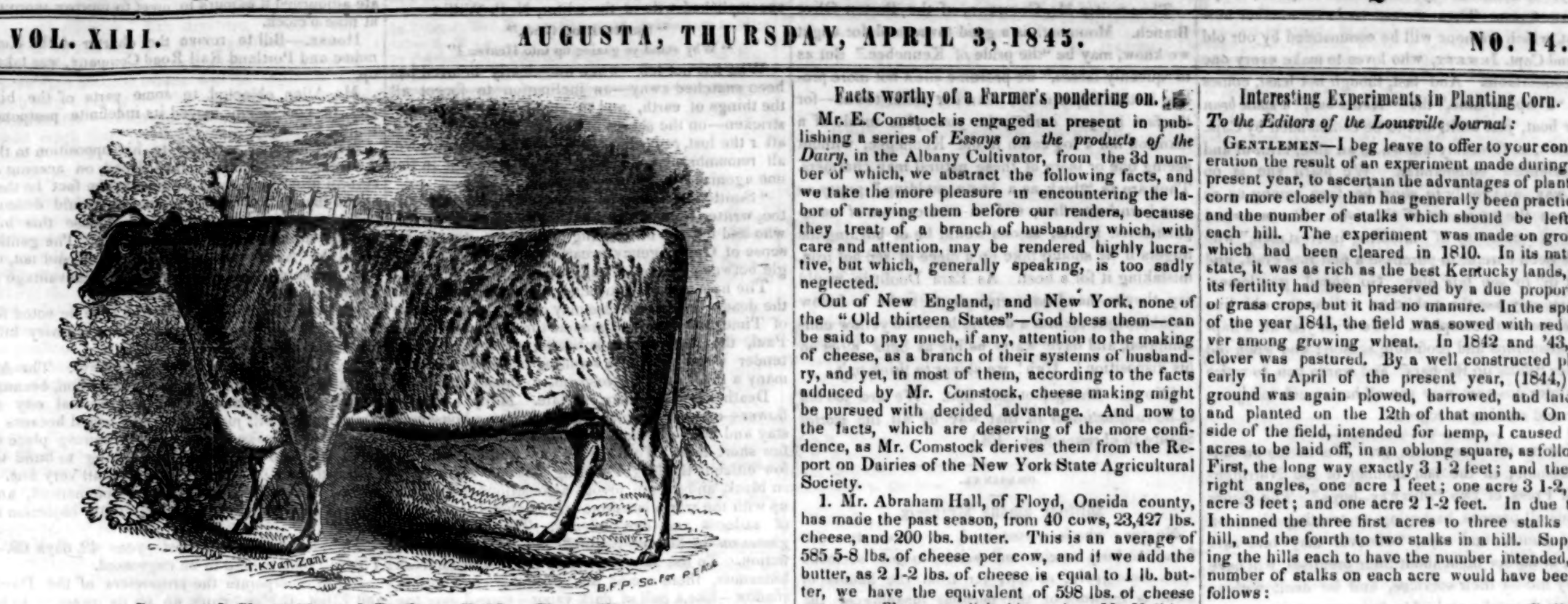
I would just say to friend P. that in the good old town of North Yarmouth, we "go in" on calves and pigs, and we ain't slow in the bag line, as he can see that our neighbor MOORE can give the Bath folks a shawl that weighed, when first dressed, seven hundred and eighty pounds.

Dr., as the cow and hog department is doing so well, I shall expect Mr. "Sheepfoot" will be looking rather sheepish about this time, unless the necessary "brouse-ing" is furnished forthwith in the sheep department.

In behalf of the tribe,
Your old friend, E. G. B.
March 22, 1845.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.
VOL. XIII. AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1845. NO. 14.



Improved Short Horned Durham Heifer, Esterville.

Durham Stock.
We present our readers this week, with a portrait of one of the handsomest young bellies of the barnyard, that they ever saw, we dare say. If they have seen a more beautiful one, where is it? We should like to put our eyes upon her, too.

It is the Improved Durham Short Horned Heifer, Esterville, raised and owned by E. P. PRENTICE Esq., near Albany, N. Y. She is two years old, and took the first premium for two years old heifers, at the last Cattle Show of the New York State Agricultural Society, held in Poughkeepsie.

Some of our readers, who are curious in these things, would like to know her pedigree; so we copy from the Albany Cultivator the following:

We would just say, for the benefit of those who may never have seen the big Odoars, called a herd book, full of the names of Durham cattle, that the figures below refer to numbers in that work.

"She was sired in England by the Daniel O'Connell, (3557)—dun, Esterville, by Sir Alfred, (6469)—g. d. Amethyst, by Prince of Northumberland, (4286)—g. d. Amazon, by Crusader, (934)—g. d. g. d. Amazon, by Sultan, (1485)—g. d. g. d. Belona, by Mars, (411)—g. d. g. d. g. d. Rolla, by North Star, (458) own brother to Comet, sold for £1,000. Sir Alfred was, in 1840, sold to the King of the French."

Having introduced you to her family connections, allow us to say, that Mr. PRENTICE has some of the very best Durhams in the Union, and that we have also some of his stock in Maine, in the person of Young Leopard, that was bought by our friend J. W. HAINES, of Portland, and who has since sold him to some enterprising farmer in the town of Anson, in Somerset County. We do not know who he is, or we would give his name, for we like to publish the names of those who have spirit and enterprise enough to step out of the old track, and incur expense and trouble, in improving their stock. If we mistake not, this Young Leopard is out of the Short Horned cow, Apollonia, which has given thirty quarts of milk a day, for several weeks in succession, while in the full flow of feed.

That is rather better than most cows can do, but we have no doubt of the fact, being assured of it from such authority that we cannot doubt it.

Now it is very easy for our farmers to raise as handsome cattle as the above. All you have to do is to follow the same course—employ the same means—obtain the same breed—and take the same care of them as others do, and you accomplish it. It is all as plain as A B C. Only employ a little capital—a little faith—a good deal of industry—and a good deal of care, and the thing is done at once; and without fulfilling these requirements, you can not accomplish anything of any consequence, in any sort of business whatever.

We may have occasion to say more on this topic, at some future time.

How to Raise Turkeys.
The attention of our readers has been repeatedly called to the subject of raising poultry—in the vicinity of our large cities, perhaps no stock is so profitable. Some good practical hints may be taken from the following, which the editor of the New Jersey Journal gives as the result of considerable experience of his own. The young turkey is proverbially a tender chick, and it is a nice matter to know how to manage him properly. [Farmer's Cabinet.]

We believe it is common among farmers to say that a turkey's head costs twice as much as its body is worth when fattened. This we do not believe to be true, if it is properly managed; but on the contrary, we believe that nothing can be raised and turned to so great a profit. But turkeys must have care, especially when young; but this care will not entrench on the business of the farmer, as it may be done by females or the younger branches of the family—and besides, the little damage they may do to grass or other things, must be magnified tenfold, as is usually the case. But by proper attention they will do no damage at all.

Before giving our rules to be observed in raising turkeys let us draw a comparison. There are but few farmers but can raise 100 turkeys—these 100 turkeys will weigh, when fattened, in December, on an average, seven and a half pounds each, full dressed. We say full dressed, for it is the practice in some places to divest the turkey of nothing but its head and feathers, and then take it to market. A practice as unwholesome as it is disgusting. These hundred turkeys then will weigh 750 lbs., which in market are equal to 1,500 lbs. of pork. But if the male turkeys are kept until February or March, they will not only increase in weight, twice the amount of their feed, but the price in market will be much higher.

We will now give the rules to be observed in raising and fattening them, founded wholly on our experience. Turkeys intended for breeders, must be kept well during the winter. If put in good condition, however, in December, it takes but little feed to keep them so. Their nests for laying must be made with hay or oat straw under cover, and be well protected from the weather, and from vermin. When incubation commences, the turkey must not be disturbed, and if she does not come from her nest for food and water, she must have both placed by her on her nest. When the young turkeys are hatched, they may be allowed to remain one day on the nest, or if removed, let them be sheltered in a warm place, and plenty of straw for them to set upon, for they are now extremely liable to take cold. The second day feed them with cards, or warm clabbered milk mixed with a little Indian or barley meal. They must be kept up and fed in this way for two or three days, and longer if the weather should be cold or rainy, but as soon as a warm and pleasant day comes, let them out at nine or ten o'clock, and shut them up at four—and this practice of letting them out and shutting up must be followed for five or six weeks, and on no account let them get wet. When a young turkey begins to droop there is but little hope for it. There is no danger of keeping them too warm. When they are five or six weeks old put a little grease on their heads to preserve them from lice.

At the age of six or eight weeks the turkey is more hardy, but still should not be exposed to rains or the damp nights, for a few weeks longer. If the farmer has a plot of grass let him enclose a yard with a high fence, and crop the wings of the old turkeys, and continue to feed them with clabbered milk, and whatever else he pleases that comes from the kitchen, such as broken bread, potatoes, and the like. If he has a clover field, as soon as it is mown, let them run on it, and they will live on young clover. And as soon as the crops are off the ground, say in August or September, let them range on the farm; but see to it, that they come to their roosting place at night, and have water.

In December the turkey will be large enough to fatten, and for this purpose select as many as you please, and shut them up, next take to the mill a few bushels of ears of Indian corn and have it ground—then boil potatoes, and mix the meal with the scalding water and potatoes in a tub, say in the proportion of one bushel potatoes to one peck or more of meal, and stir them well together, then let it cool, but give it to the turkeys as warm as they will bear it, and as much as they will eat, and in two weeks and a half, they will be fat enough for market, and for an alderman's dinner.

We do not take this from books, but from several years' experience. We kept an exact account of the expense of raising and fattening a flock, and at the rate of ten cents a pound full dressed—we received \$72, while our cost exclusive of our milk, was less than \$10. If any farmer does not wish to be at the special trouble of raising them, but should have a small flock to fatten, that have lived in spite of wind and weather, let him adopt our rules of fattening, and he will "save much corn."

On a large farm, and with a large yard and a better dairy with proper attention we believe it may be made a leading business to great profit.

It is stated that the daughter of Jephthah Sanborn, a judge of one of the new courts of Iowa, has shot two full grown bears the past winter. The animals came prowling about her father's premises in the absence of the men, when Miss S. took a rifle and shot them.

Facts worthy of a Farmer's pondering on.
Mr. E. Comstock is engaged at present in publishing a series of *Essays on the products of the Dairy*, in the Albany Cultivator, from the 3d number of which, we abstract the following facts, and we take the more pleasure in encountering the labor of arraying them before our readers, because they treat of a branch of husbandry which, with care and attention, may be rendered highly lucrative, but which, generally speaking, is too sadly neglected.

Out of New England, and New York, none of the "Old thirteen States"—God bless them—can be said to pay much, if any, attention to the making of cheese, as a branch of their systems of husbandry, and yet, in most of them, according to the facts adduced by Mr. Comstock, cheese making might be pursued with decided advantage. And now to the facts, which are deserving of the more confidence, as Mr. Comstock derives them from the Report on Dairies of the New York State Agricultural Society.

1. Mr. Abraham Hall, of Floyd, Oneida county, has made the past season, from 40 cows, 23,427 lbs. cheese, and 200 lbs. butter. This is an average of 585.5 lbs. of cheese per cow, and if we add the butter, as 2 1/2 lbs. of cheese is equal to 1 lb. of butter, we have the equivalent of 588 lbs. of cheese per cow. To accomplish this product, Mr. Hall has 100 acres in pasture of good quality, though not very abundant, and 52 acres in meadow. Mr. Hall's cows are supposed to consume about 2 1/4 tons of hay each per year, as they are fed in stony weather in summer, and have a full supply in winter. Mr. H. has not fed 6 bushels of grain to his cows. The whey of the dairy he feeds to 300 of his cows, and has no doubt that these yielded full 700 bushels of milk, and as what has been done to salt at all times; have been carefully selected, are regularly milked, and attended to in every respect.

2. Mr. Alonzo L. Fish, of Litchfield, Herkimer county, has made during the season previous to the 17th of Sept. an average of 592 lbs. of cheese per cow, and estimates the quantity for the season at 700 lbs. The average for the last three years from 25 cows is 500 lbs. Mr. Fish also feeds the whey to his cows, and about the 1st of August, feeds cornsteals, raised broadcast, to keep up the flow of milk. In winter, his cows, in milk, receive daily 4 quarts of shorts or a peck of roots, in addition to their allowance of hay. The average money produced by his cows for the last three years, has been \$41.40 a head, per year.

3. Mr. Elisha Baker, of Bridgewater, Oneida county, made in 1843, between the 15th of April and the 1st of December, 10,000 lbs. of cheese, and 1000 lbs. of butter, making an average of 500 lbs. of cheese and 50 lbs. butter from each cow. In addition to hay and grass, his cows are fed with 2 quarts of oat meal mixed with whey from the dairy. The foregoing are large yields—much larger than the average ones either in England or this country—but still they go to prove what can be done where care is taken in the selection and management of the stock, and as what has been done by some, may be done by others, so should no one who may enter into the business, be content until he has reached the maximum product, for without attaining that point the victory will remain unachieved.—[Baltimore Farmer.]

MR. GIBBS: It has been found difficult to cultivate Peaches, Raspberries and other stone fruit in this vicinity, by reason (as most people think) of our cold winters.

Now it may be that this opinion is erroneous; and to test its truth, I would recommend to those who have such trees, to adopt a course laid down by William Kenrick Esq., of Newton, Mass., proprietor of a "celebrated Nursery" there.

In conversation with him a few days since, I called his attention to this subject, and he informed me, that by placing horse-manure, peat-mud, or eel-grass around the body of the tree at the roots, while the ground is frozen, and letting it remain there until about the last of May, there is no trouble in making trees live and produce an abundance of fruit. By this process the frost is retained in the ground about the roots, which prevents the sap from flowing, until the weather becomes sufficiently warm, as not to chill it in the branches, as is the case generally where this process is not followed, which is the cause of the death of the trees. I would recommend to those who cultivate fruit to try it.

(Dover (N. H.) Gazette.)

EXCRETORY DUCT OF THE FEET OF SHEEP.
Chas. C. Trevelyan, Esq., 1st President of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, says the legs of sheep are furnished with a duct, which terminates in the fissure of the hoof; from which, when the animal is in health, is secreted a white fluid, but when sickly, these ducts are stopped by the hardening of the fluid. He says he has in some instances found that the sheep were relieved, by merely pressing out the hardened matter with the finger from the orifice of the duct in each foot, it may in some cases be proper to place their feet in warm water, or to use a probe or hand brush for cleansing this passage.

Preserved Potatoes.
Having occasion to lay in stores for a second best passage across the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, we purchased in Liverpool a tin case of Edwards' patent preserved potatoes. We had no time to inquire the process by which they are preserved. All we know of the matter is, that we got a box full of a hard granulated substance, somewhat resembling tapioca or sago.

Place half a pound of this matter in a vessel made boiling hot, pour on it rather more than a pint of boiling water, cover it so as to keep in the steam, and in fifteen minutes you have well cooked and mashed potatoes, which only need seasoning to be as palatable as fresh cheneagos or blue-noses. The bill of the patentee declares that potatoes put up in this way occupy but one sixth part of their original bulk, they will keep any length of time, and will be invaluable in long voyages. We think, too, that if placed in the market, they would be soon in great demand by families who wish to economize in regard to help hire. The facility, neatness and despatch with which a dish of potatoes can be got up in this way, is quite charming. The potatoes plainly have been peeled and cooked before. The secret of the process is in the mode of desiccation, and we think Yankee ingenuity could not be long in discovering it. The process cannot be very expensive, from the price which the article bears in England. We should think our Maine friends, if they have not done so already, would do well to turn their attention to this matter. Any person who is curious on the subject, can see specimens of these preserved potatoes at this office. [Boston Chronicle.]

In the territory of Wisconsin there are 114 Post offices.

Interesting Experiments in Planting Corn.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

GENTLEMEN—I beg leave to offer to your consideration the result of an experiment made during the present year, to ascertain the advantages of planting corn more closely than has generally been practiced; and the number of stalks which should be left in each hill. The experiment was made on ground which had been cleared in 1810. In its natural state it was rich as the best Kentucky lands, and its fertility had been preserved by a due proportion of grass crops, but it had no manure. In the spring of the year 1841, the field was sowed with red clover among growing wheat. In 1842 and '43, the clover was pastured. By a well constructed plow, early in April of the present year, (1844,) the ground was again plowed, harrowed, and laid off and planted on the 12th of that month. On one side of the field, intended for hemp, I caused four acres to be laid off, in an oblong square, as follows: First, the long way exactly 3 1/2 feet; and then at right angles, one acre 1 foot; one acre 3 1/2 feet, one acre 3 feet; and one acre 2 1/2 feet. In due time I thinned the three first acres to three stalks in a hill, and the fourth to two stalks in a hill. Supposing the hills each to have the number intended, the number of stalks on each acre would have been as follows:

| Stalks. | Acres. |
|----------------------|--------|
| 3 1/2 by 4 feet, | 9,335 |
| 3 1/2 by 3 1/2 feet, | 10,668 |
| 3 1/2 by 3 feet, | 12,447 |
| 3 1/2 by 2 1/2 feet, | 9,556 |

The season up to the 2d of July, was tolerably favorable, though there was too much rain for a first rate crop of corn. For two weeks succeeding, no rain fell. During this period the atmosphere was dry and windy. As the corn was generally getting into silk when the drought commenced, and as this is the period when corn requires much rain to make it ear well, it suffered very much. Although light rains again fell from the middle of July to the last of that month, they came too late to be materially beneficial to early planted corn. The consequence was, that scarcely a stalk produced more than one ear, and even that one of diminished size. I am fully persuaded that the dry weather in the first half of July, diminished the crop at least 50 per cent. The crop was also somewhat diminished by great numbers of crows opening and picking off the grains at the small end of the ear, when in the milk state. The corn was gathered, and each acre separately measured, about the first of November, when perfectly dry, and the quantity produced was as follows: The first acre, 68 bushels; second acre, 62 bushels; third acre, 68 bushels, and fourth acre, 77 1/2 bushels. The ground throughout lay even, equal well, and was of the same quality, but the first acre was rather the most injured by the crows.

It will be seen that the acre planted 3 1/2 by 4 feet, produced nearly as well (perhaps quite, making a due allowance for the greater injury received) as the two next acres; that the acre having 12,447 stalks, produced only the same number of bushels as that having 10,668; and that the acre having 9,556 stalks to the hill, and 9,335 in the whole, produced eight and one half bushels more than either of the others.

From this experiment it would seem that, in ground of the best quality, where three stalks are intended to be left in a hill, the distance each way should not be less than three and a half feet; and that where it is intended to plant more closely, not more than two stalks should be left in a hill. The acre planted 3 1/2 by 3 1/2 feet, produced the best, but it was too close one way to be plowed conveniently. Thus planted, there were 8 3/4 square feet to each hill. If planted 3 feet each way, there would be 9 square feet to each hill.—This, I am of opinion, would be the better way to plant, where it is intended to leave two stalks in a hill, as the distance each way would be more convenient for plowing, and the number of stalks per acre would be but slightly diminished.

As our corn crops are affected by so many contingencies, a single experiment is not very conclusive in favor of any particular theory, and I intend, if I am spared, to repeat my experiment next year on the same ground, except that I will lay off the ground the long way three feet, and in the other direction four, three and a half and three feet, thinning the two first to three stalks, and the third to two stalks in a hill.

On the day after planting the above experimental crop, I planted some twelve or fifteen acres of corn on ground which had been cleared and cultivated some twenty or twenty-five years before it came into possession of the plantation on which I now reside—1812. This land had been considerably reduced by a strong succession of corn crops, but as it lay well, I found no difficulty in renovating it by grassing and manuring. For the three or four years preceding the present, it was cultivated in hemp.—Early in April it was plowed and harrowed, which left it in a finely pulverized state. It was laid off by a small plow, exactly three and a half feet each way, planted on the 13th of April, and in due time thinned out to three stalks in the hill. It was cultivated by plowing both ways with the common shovel-plow, and once hoed, so as to leave the hills perfectly clean. This corn was affected by the same disease in the same manner as related of the four acres described above.

I caused one acre to be pulled and measured when perfectly dry, through the central part of the field, where it had not been injured by crows or squirrels, and the yield was 77 bushels. In both cases, I planted the same kind of corn, a medium between the White Flint and Gourd Seed. This corn is not so productive as the larger kinds, but better for bread.

I have mentioned the product of the last mentioned acre, not because of its extraordinary character—for it falls vastly short of the great crops of Bryant and Young, of Jessamine county—but to show that land cleared nearly sixty years, which had been reduced by twenty or twenty-five successive crops of corn, can be easily renovated so as to produce 77 bushels per acre, in quite an unfavorable season.

Yours truly,
A. BEATTY.

Mechanic Arts, &c.

Engratotype; a New Photographic Process.

By ROBERT HUNT, Esq.

While pursuing some investigations, with a view to determine the influence of the solar rays upon precipitation, I have been led to the discovery of a new photographic art, which can be employed in the preparation of paper with a facility which no other sensitive process possesses. Being desirous of affording all the information I possibly can to those who are anxious to avail themselves of the advantages offered by photography, I solicit a little space in your columns for the purpose of publishing the particulars of this new process. All the photographic processes with which we are at present acquainted, sufficiently sensitive for the fixation of the images of the camera obscura, require the most careful and precise manipulation; consequently, those who are not accustomed to the niceties of experimental pursuit, are frequently annoyed by failures. The following statement will, I trust, show the exceeding simplicity of the new discovery.

Good letter paper is first washed over with the following solution:

| | |
|---|--|
| A saturated solution of succinic acid, 2 drachms. | |
| Mucilage of gum-arabic, 1 1/2 | |
| Common salt, 5 grains. | |
| Water, 1 1/2 drachms. | |

When the paper is dry, it is washed over once with an argentine solution, consisting of 1 drachm of nitrate of silver to 1 oz. of distilled water. The paper is allowed to dry in the dark, and it is fit for use. It can be preserved in a portfolio, and at any time employed in the camera. This paper is a pure white, and it retains its color, which is a great advantage. At present, I find it necessary to expose the prepared paper in the camera obscura for periods, varying with the quantity of sunshine, from two to eight minutes, although from some results which I have obtained, I am satisfied that, by a nice adjustment of the proportions of the materials, a much shorter exposure will suffice. When the paper is removed from the camera, no trace of a picture is visible. We have then to mix together 1 drachm of a saturated solution of sulphate of iron, and 2 drachms of a solution of the mucilage of gum-arabic. A fine brush, saturated with this solution, is now swept over the face of the paper rapidly and evenly. In a few seconds the dormant images are seen to develop themselves, and with great rapidity a pleasing negative photographic picture is produced. It is requisite to keep disturbing the face of the paper, by rapidly but lightly brushing it up; otherwise, numerous little black specks are formed, which destroy the photograph. The iron solution is to be washed off as soon as the effect appears, this being done with a soft sponge and clear water. If, as sometimes happens, the surface of the picture blackens all over, it must not be concluded that the drawing is destroyed. The whole of this superficial blackness may be removed by immediately washing with a wet sponge. The drawing is then soaked for a short time in water, and may be permanently fixed by being washed over with ammonia, or perhaps better with a solution of the hyposulphite of soda, care being taken that the salt afterwards well washed out of the paper. If the lights become in any way discolored, a little exceedingly diluted hydrochloric (muriatic) acid will restore them to their proper degree of whiteness; but care must be taken that the acid is speedily washed off, or the shadows will suffer. From the pictures thus produced, any number of others, correct in position and shade, may be produced by using the same succinated paper in the ordinary way; from five to ten minutes in sunshine producing the desired effect.

When from the softness of the exposure, the image develops itself slowly or imperfectly, a slight degree of warmth brings out the picture with rapidity and force. Holding the paper a short distance from the fire, is the best mode of operating. The advantages which this process possesses over every other must be, I think, apparent. The papers are prepared in the most simple manner, and may be kept ready by the tourist until required for use. They require no preparation previously to their being placed in the camera, and they can be preserved until a convenient opportunity offers for bringing out the picture, which is done in the most simple manner, with a material which can be anywhere procured.

Anxious to give the public the advantage of this process during the beautiful weather of the present season, I have not waited to perfect the manipulatory details which are necessary for the production of portraits. It is sufficient, however, to say, that experiment has satisfied us of its applicability for this purpose.

Prismatic examination has proved that the rays effecting this chemical change are those which I have elsewhere shown to be perfectly independent of solar light or heat. I therefore propose to distinguish this process by a name which has a general rather than a particular application. Regarding all photographic phenomena as due to the principle *Engratotype*, I would nevertheless wish to distinguish this very interesting process as the *Engratotype*. I enclose you a few specimens of the results already obtained. The exceeding simplicity of the Engratotype is best shown by an attempt to copy engravings, or leaves by it. The three specimens I enclose were produced by an exposure of considerably less than one second.—[Athenaeum.]

Something Novel—A great Corn Sheller.
Having occasion during the last week to call at the machine establishment of Mr. James Murray, at the head of the basin, in York street, our attention was called to the fitting up of a corn sheller, on a new principle, on board of a North Carolina steamer, lying at an adjacent wharf, and we availed ourselves of the invitation of Mr. Murray, to be present at the trial of the sheller, prior to the departure of the steamer to the scene of its future operations. We were accordingly summoned on Thursday to give our attendance on board a new iron steamer, built in Pennsylvania, and brought through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal to this city, to receive the machinery for the operation of corn shelling, which was being prepared by Mr. Murray; who is called the *Loper*, and is intended for the Roanoke and Norfolk trade. The machinery for shelling the corn appears to be simple, and is a permanent fixture to the vessel. It is placed on a high upper deck, and has a hopper into which the corn is to be spouted from the banks of the river, and passes from the sheller into a screen, which takes off the corn from the cob, the latter being carried by the screen several feet to take it out of the way, whilst the corn drops into the hold of the vessel without handling, and is thus ready for delivery at any market for which it may be intended. The machine is worked by the steam power by which the vessel is propelled, and it may seem almost incredible, nevertheless Mr. Murray and the owners, one of whom was on board, are confident of its capacity to shell not less than 600 bushels of corn per hour, the day through! and in the manner in which it used up that which was at hand for the trial whilst we were present, we have no right to doubt for a moment of their expectations being fully realized. The owners are Messrs. Antony & Harris, and the one present was in ecstasies at the performance, being thoroughly satisfied that it would accomplish all that had been anticipated. We learn that Mr. Pettigrew, an eminent planter of North Carolina, is due to the credit of the plan of this invaluable machinery, and he was fortunate in his selection of such a master of his art as Mr. Murray, in carrying into execution the suggestions of his mind—and we sincerely hope that all interested in the matter, will be amply remunerated for their ingenuity, skill and enterprise.—[Baltimore Farmer.]

AMERICAN GUNS.—Four Patent American Guns of a "peculiar construction," were sent out to the Northumberland, by the British Consul of this city, to his government.—N. Y. Mechanic.

An hour's industry will do more to beguete cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs than a month's musing.

men, it is seldom that I meet such pleasant society at sea, and I shall always remember you." Politely taking leave of the Baron, Benson returned to his boat, when the bloody faces of both boats' crews showed that they had been enjoying a little quiet fight among themselves. "How's this my ind," said he in a loud tone that Stanley might hear him, as he shoved off to let his boat draw up; "you did wrong to flog those gentlemen; you should have doused your peak to them. I say Capt. Stanley," he added as the latter came into his boat, "don't you think it would be a good plan for us to club together and take this frigate?—I believe we could lick her, and then we would have our own fight good naturedly, eh?"

The Englishman, however, was in no humor for jesting, and vouchsafed no reply; so each returned to his vessel.

"We have taken out all the schooner will store of the Indian's cargo, sir," reported Townsend, as Benson came on board. "Very good," replied Benson; "muster all hands at here." Few words sufficed to explain his plan and it was as rapidly put in execution. All the English prisoners, including Capt. St. John, were put into the cabin of the Indian, and the companion-way, sky-lights, dead lights and hatches, locked fast and battened down. Next, all her sheets, tacks and halyards were stopped and unrove, and her studding sails were then set on both sides, she being still hove to, and leaving the tacks standing, the sheets and halyards were also stopped and unrove; and everything being prepared, the remainder of the thirty minutes' truce was employed in starting overboard the balance of her cargo. When the Danish frigate braced up at the close of the truce, the Indian was cast off from the privateer, her yards squared, and her helm lashed fast amidships, and instantly gathering way, she was off like a shot before the wind, heading directly for the Sloop-of-war. The few Americans who yet remained on board of the Indian, then jumped into their boat, were hauled back by the line, the boat was soon run up at the davits, and the schooner filling away stood N. N. W.; thus keeping her prize between herself and the Sloop. The Indian meanwhile, bore rapidly down for the man of war, and the latter was so nearly in her course that Stanley found great difficulty in getting out of her way in time, for had the Indian yawed two points, she would have run him slap aboard; which concussion, as it would probably have sent both to the bottom, was not exactly a "consummation to be wished." By this time also Stanley perceived that there were no persons on the Indian's deck; and the nature of Benson's trick dawned upon him; he became aware that it was not so easy to take possession of the Indian, she having a singular degree of independence in her motions; and before his operations were arranged, she had whizzed apart him, and was off to the southward at twelve knots an hour. This was decidedly provoking, and Stanley was obliged at once to give up all hopes of capturing the privateer which had now gained good start to the windward, and make all sail in chase of the Indian, for to leave her in her present condition, would have been outright murder to all on board. Accordingly, with many heartfelt execrations at the Yankee's trick, he bore away in chase, while to add to his vexation, the privateer perceiving his change of course, instantly put up her helm also, and despatching a 42 pound shot to inform him of that fact, gave him chase, taking care to avoid the range of his stern chasers, so that it looked altogether amazing, as he was running away from the schooner. It was truly a laughable sight to see the sloop-of-war setting studding-sails below and aloft and cracking on everything in chase of the Indian; for to fire upon her would do no manner of good, as it would very likely kill some of her crew, so that it was altogether quite a romantic chase, very much like running after eggs down hill, to put your foot upon them would stop them doubtless, but it would probably break them in the bargain. Accordingly the Danes and the Yankees cackled greatly at Stanley's pickle; and he guessing their thoughts, from his consciousness of the predicament he was in, mingled all manner of prayers for their future condition with the orders he gave, the petitions if granted, will materially affect the scamps aforesaid, on the leeward side of the river Styx.

The Indian meanwhile, seemed spitefully to sail like the devil, so that it was more than an hour before the sloop was abreast of her, the privateer still giving chase to both. Having overtaken her, it was next necessary to board her, and this too, was by no means so easy. Two large ships under full headway, would rasp one another finely, if laid alongside, while to send a boat was useless, as it would drop astern very shortly; so here was another peck of troubles. Capt. Stanley at length perceived that nothing else would do, ran within a hundred feet of the Indian, and loading his starboard battery with chain-shot, let it drive among her rigging. Here, however, he got more than he bargained for. Intending to shoot away the braces, the stays, and shrouds followed; and the wheel being also demolished, the Indian suddenly yawed, and in an instant was lying alongside his starboard side. The consequent rasp was highly emphatic, and in consequence, down thundering came the masts and yards of the Indian, the greater part upon the deck of the sloop-of-war; so that on the whole, Stanley was quite decently peppered; while to crown all, the farewell 42 pound shot from the privateer as she hauled upon the wind for the coast, came crashing thro' his taffel.

PHENOMENA OF THE BRAIN. One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is, that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any part of the body. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut down to the corpus callosum, without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all those functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but has no longer a mind. It cannot think or feel, it requires that the food should be pushed into the stomach; once there, it is digested, and the animal will even thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain called the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of that low degree called instinct, or of that exalted kind bestowed on man, the gift of reason.—Wigan on the Quality of the Mind.

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1845.

Steam! Steam! Steam!

If the old Kennebec doesn't have its waters pretty well stirred this summer with the paddling of steamboats and the bustle and jostle and buzz and din and crowding of competition in the business of freighting and transportation, we are no Yankee for guessing. First, we shall have the well known and staunch boat "Penobscot," with its prompt but quiet and gentlemanly commander, Capt. KIMBALL. Then we shall have the old favorite "Huntress," that glides over the water like a sea fowl, "just as easy," commanded by the prince of pilots, Capt. BLANCHARD. Then we are to have another new boat, which we hope will be commended by our old friend Capt. JEWETT, who loves to make every one so comfortable. And last, though not least, comes the "People's Line," the "Kennebec," a span brand new boat, just built, and to be commanded by Capt. BROWN, so favorably known as an able, faithful and experienced commander. We learn she is on the way, and ready to show her face among us as soon as the ice is out of the river. She is owned by a new company of "muddling interest men," who have been careful to purchase a first rate craft, and "put in" to see fair play. Go ahead, gentlemen, if you only use the public as well as the old line have, we won't complain. We wish you all a happy, prosperous and profitable season; and when old winter "shuts up the bars" and warns you to retire to winter quarters, may you all have much to rejoice over and nothing to regret.

NOT TO BE WONDERED AT. We notice an advertisement, in the last number of the Norridgewock Press, of two "runaway boys." The father forbids all persons harboring or trusting them on his account, and says, "whoever may hire said boys, or harbor them about their premises, will have to pay me for their services, and be dealt with as the law directs"; and adds, "any person or persons, who may secure said boys in any jail, in or out of this county, so that I can get them again, shall be suitably rewarded." In describing them, he says one of the boys had on, among other things, "a straw hat, and his clothes were somewhat patched." Who wonders that "these lads should runaway"? The advertisement itself shows who and what the father is, and reads very much like some we have seen in southern prints. What a tremendous bump of parental affection and regard this man must have upon his cranium! What an idea of others he must entertain, to suppose that any one could be found who would thwart the designs of these young men, and stop their progress on "their winding way," by thrusting them into jail! Any parent who cannot, or having the means, will not, afford his boys a better and warmer winter head covering than a straw hat, in this cold region, ought not to be surprised at their "taking leg bail," and seeking a better lot somewhere else. Those boys will make men, and return in the course of a few years to pay their father for his many kindnesses.

WEATHERIANA. We do not remember so pleasant a month of March as the one just passed. The presiding Deity of this month used to be a blustering, windy old fellow, but he has been as quiet as an unweaned lamb. With the exception of one day, when old Boreas "blat about" rather uproariously, it has been very pleasant and mild. The snow has nearly gone in "these diggings," and although we have no peach blows nor strawberry blooms, green corn, or early peas, we have every indication of an early spring; and although we may not have the first cucumbers, we opine we shall have as many of them in the long run.

"THE GOLDEN RULE: Devoted to Odd Fellowship, Literature, and General Intelligence." This is a well conducted, neatly executed Weekly Gazette, published for the proprietors, by HOTEL & MACOY, at No. 128 Fulton street, New York, and edited by Rev. B. B. HALLOCK, P. G. It is a quarto of sixteen pages, and is sent to mail subscribers at \$2.00 per annum, in advance. It is one of the ablest journals on our exchange list, and should be well sustained by that fraternity whose principles it is its chief object to advocate and disseminate. The editor holds a ready pen, and beside the many gems that flow from it, are numerous others from the pens of several popular writers, who are contributors to the "Rule." We wish it a "Golden" life, in its mental and moral efforts, and also in its pecuniary existence.

SOCIAL MONITOR AND ORPHANS' ADVOCATE. This is the title of a little paper published once a month, away "up to Boston," by Miss A. FELLOWS and Miss E. C. FELLOWS, and "devoted to Domestic Education, and the purification, elevation and improvement of Social Life." It is an excellent paper; and the industry and perseverance manifested by these ladies in so good a cause, lead us to wish them abundant success in their enterprise, and each of them a good husband to boot.

BRITISH HUSBANDS MUST LOOK OUT. A cargo of broom-handles has been recently shipped to England. It seems some Yankees are raising broom-corn in Ohio to ship to England. As broom-handles and broom-corn, when separate, pay no duty, they send them over, and afterwards employ persons to manufacture the brooms. It takes the Yankees to broom John Bull.

SHUT THEM UP TIGHT.—The New Orleans Picayune says that thirteen men of color, that were from the free States as seamen, were yesterday put in prison, in pursuance of the act forbidding free men of color to come within the limits of the State.—That's glorious and brave! you are afraid of a free negro; and the dough faces of the North say amen! Shut 'em up, brother Sugar Cane; don't let 'em disturb our free institutions.

SHIPPING ON DRY LAND. A schemy Englishman has broached a plan of carrying merchant ships from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, across the Isthmus of Suez, on a railroad. We should like to see a big ship "streaking it" across the desert, like a wild demon, twenty knots an hour.

MOUNTAIN OF SERPENTINE.—A mountain composed of serpentine has been discovered in Vermont. This is a very beautiful rock, takes a fine polish, and its variegated colors cause it to be much sought for, in order to make tables, mantels, &c.

At Cleveland, Ohio, on the 2d of March, there was good sleighing in the streets. The Lake was free of ice, and steamboats left regularly.

The Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia, was set on fire by a spark from a locomotive, on Monday, and entirely destroyed.

"THE PRIDE OF KENNEBEC. Monmouth, Down East, is a glorious town; we have always known it ever since we knew anything. It has produced some very great men, (letting alone our illustrious self), and a lot of pretty fair women too. Honors are heaping upon this good old town from every quarter. Dr. Robinson, author of the play of the Reformed Drunkard, which has had such a tremendous run in this city and elsewhere, also the author of several other highly popular works, is a native, and till lately a resident, of Monmouth. Then there is Irene Nichols, the pretty Factory Girl, who won the affections of Herrira, and who is now Presidentess of Mexico, and revelling, as the politicians say, "in the Halls of Montezuma!" Last, not least, is Benjamin Clough, who re-captured the whale ship Sharon, in so gallant a manner, in the South Seas,—of him, of us, and a hundred other first rate lads, and queenly ladies, in speaking of Monmouth, it will be said, behold! they were born in her!"

Thus writes Mr. COCHRAN, of the Boston Olive Branch. Monmouth is a good town, and for aught we know, may be "the pride of Kennebec." But as to "queensly ladies," we presume she's not more prolific in this department, than her sister towns—for the fact is, you can't poke your pluz inside of a mansion nor a log cabin in old Kennebec, without seeing one or more of these natural man charmers. They are as "thick as a hasty pudding," pretty as to "queensly ladies," as one would be of burning his fingers if he should take up a piece of red hot iron, mistaking it for a beet. As Ezra Doollittle would say, they're handsome enough to make a fellow wrinkle right up into a double breasted yellow consumption, and have warts as big as hens' eggs on his disposition! Ugh! we shiver to think on't.

[NOTE. Sheepfoot said that. We are too old to be confounded in that way by all the mortal beauty in christendom. Ed.]

ORIGINAL.

Solitude among Strangers.

No one, who is accustomed, at times, to retire from the busy world, and wander in some secluded spot, some grove, or dell, far from the haunts of men; is ignorant of the peculiar meaning of the word, solitude. "It is indeed pleasant, sometimes, when 'the soul' is in tune," to thus wander forth, and hold sweet intercourse with nature in her retired and silent recesses. It is pleasant to hold uninterrupted communion, for a time, with her in her various and beautiful works.—The soul is pure, at such a time, to flow out in aspirations after purity of heart and life. It forsakes all the meaner objects of pursuit, and, surrounded with calm beauty, and quiet of nature's works, is led to "look through nature up to nature's God."

There is another kind of solitude, which is painful and oppressive to the heart. We feel its influence, when the cares of this life multiply upon our hands; when adversity takes away the joy of the present, and the bright anticipation of the future; and when the cold, unfeeling world seems to look forbiddingly upon us. We feel it too, when he whom we have been accustomed to regard and confide in as our friend, lifts up his heel against us, and joins himself to the number of those who would do us harm. 'Tis felt in the gay saloon and poorest hut alike, when the heart is weighed down with care, or some secret sorrow oppresses the brain.

Man is a sympathetic being. His soul longs for communion with something akin to its own lofty nature. One cannot well exist without imbibing and being swayed, to some extent, by this strong feeling of our nature. And if we do not obtain it, if the world passes us by, in its eager pursuit of the phantom of life, it leaves in us an aching void impossible to be filled. What to us is the beauty of the landscape if we are forever to be alone—if we are never to have some sympathetic heart to beat in union with our own? What to us is the wealth of the Indies, if there be none to partake of it with us—if we are to be utterly bereft from the world, and to "finish our journey alone?"

It has happened to me to be, in my day, a great wanderer. I have wandered up and down our land, and beheld many of the interesting things it has to show us. I have seen many and various exhibitions of human nature. I have been acted upon by the various influences which bear upon the mind of man. I have known what it was to experience, in its various forms, the reality which is represented to the mind by the word solitude; yet have I never, at any time, been so fully impressed with its import, as when, far from home and friends, I have been surrounded by thousands of strangers. It is truly sad to look upon numerous strange forms, each hurrying on eagerly intent upon its own object of pursuits, and be able to discover no old familiar face, which can cheer you with its well-known appearance. It is sad to feel utterly alone, and be assured that there is no one in all the vast throng before you, who cares for, or sympathizes with you. Our hearts sink within us, and we are ready to cry out surely, "man does not feel for man!"

At such a time how does the mind revert to the happy countenances and glad voice of far distant friends. How pleasing to call them up, one by one, and live over again, in imagination, the happy hours we have spent in their society. How eagerly does the mind run back to the home of our childhood, and revel in its innocent, joyous scenes. How does the heart yearn for the sight of one's natal hills, and meadows, and swiftly gliding streams! How does it promise itself, if ever returned safely to their sacred precincts, to return the incense of thankfulness to the Author of all good, and to endeavor for future time to live their lives worthy of so great blessings.

EPHRAIM.

No. 3, Rural Avenue, Farmington.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—About half past 2 o'clock, on Sunday morning, our citizens were again aroused by the cry of "Fire." The wooden buildings on the corner of Cross and Middle streets were found in full blaze, and so fierce was the destructive element that the best efforts of the Fire Department could not save them, and they were totally destroyed, but its further progress stopped.—The buildings were owned by Mr. James Deering, and fully insured for \$1500— and occupied by Mr. Hall, shoe dealer, whose insurance nearly covers his loss; by Mr. S. Boothby, hat, cap, and fur dealer, loss about \$1500 besides his books, insurance \$1000; by Messrs. John Nash & Son, brush manufactory, well insured; and by Mrs. Nash, fancy goods and millinery, loss 4 or \$500, and no insurance. How the fire originated is uncertain. Circumstances have led some to suppose it to be the work of an incendiary.—[Portland Argus.

THE INDIAN FIGHT.—The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer of the 4th inst., says:— "The skirmishes which we spoke of last week as having taken place between a portion of the Pawnee Mahas and a party of Creeks, turns out to have been between the Osages and Creeks. The excitement is very great in the Creek nation. Capt. Boone was ordered to the place of action with his company of dragoons, and two companies of infantry have proceeded to his assistance."

Capt. Ozias Bingham, a revolutionary relic, died recently in Pennsylvania, in the 90th year of his age.

DEATH OF MRS. N. P. WILLIS. We learn with sincere regret, from one of the morning papers, that Mr. Willis, of the Mirror, had the heavy misfortune of losing his wife by death, last evening, (25th ult.) Mr. Willis married in England; and often, when we have met him walking in Broadway, with his life's companion, we have thought upon the woman's devotion which sustained and cheered her in her severance from country and kindred—never without a hopeful wish that a long life of happiness might be the sure equivalent for all she had given up. Youth and beauty we knew to be a portion of the dower she had brought her husband; and we had heard that they were accompanied in rich measure by the graces of mind and heart. It is a heavy blow under which Mr. Willis is called upon to exercise his fortitude. [N. Y. Advertiser.

The following beautiful and touching passage, says the Golden Rule, appeared in the Evening Mirror, of Thursday, in allusion to the death of the accomplished wife of the editor, N. P. Willis.

"Smitten of God."

"Why stand ye gazing up into Heaven?" Who has not felt—when one dearly beloved has been snatched away—an inclination to forget all the things of earth, and to stand idle—helpless—stricken—on the shores of Time, gazing, longing, a't the lost, regardless of all that is left; all love, all remembrance, all hope—swallowed up in the one agonized sense of bereavement?

"Smitten of God, and bereaved,"—was not this, too, written by one who knew of what he spoke?—who had felt the bitter pang of parting—the awful sense of God's agency in earthly sorrow—the struggle between passionate regret and holy submission!

The human soul knows no variety in sorrow for the dead. Whatever else may change in the course of Time, this remains the same throughout the ages. Paul, the sainted, the abdunder, wrote not those tender words without a swelling of the heart; and many a mourner since responds to them with tears.

Death has been busy, of late. Many a tender flower—many a "shining mark"—many a household stay and comfort—has been snatched away within a few short days. To many of our friends and fellow citizens the bright Spring heavens seem hung in black, and all the joyous associations that came up with the warm sunshine are changed to images of sadness and despondency. The idea of "a gloom on the face of Nature" is no mere poetic fiction. To the mourner whose grief is in its fresh bitterness, there seems an absolutely perceptible shadow—like a pall of dark vapor—spread over the gayest objects. Nothing looks as it used. The heart sees not like the careless eyes. We feel as if the sun could never shine again for us.

The loss lately sustained by one of the Editors of this paper, (now absent), is one in which a large circle of friends are deeply interested, and to them no praise of the dead could seem exaggerated. If there lived a person of whom it could be said "None knew her but to love her," it was this young, lovely, accomplished and excellent person, who has been so suddenly removed. But this is not the place for her eulogy, though it would be read with tears from many hearts.

Trial of Mr. Fairchild.

Judge Washburn delivered his charge to the jury on Saturday morning, occupying something over two hours. He defined the law and recapitulated the evidence, and enjoined the jury to discharge their duty fearlessly, without regard to the position of the defendant on one hand, or any prejudice received out of court, on the other. The charge was scrupulously impartial. The jury retired about a quarter before eleven, and about six o'clock, P. M. they returned with a verdict of not guilty.

When the verdict had been rendered, Mr. Fairchild arose, and asked if he had permission to speak to the court. He was answered that any remarks upon his case were in order, when he went on to say, that he had come here under the load of condemnation inflicted by an ecclesiastical tribunal in another state. Here he had been associated in the ministry for many years,—he was among his friends and also among his enemies. He had felt, as a privilege, that he was in the state of Massachusetts,—in the Old Bay State,—renowned for her love of justice, and he had not feared to trust his case with a jury of his countrymen. He thanked the court for the forbearance and kindness which it had shown towards him,—the courtesy afforded by his civil and gentlemanly treatment,—unexpected as it was by him, and perhaps unexpected,—he gave thanks to the jury for the patience which they had exhibited during the tedious details of the trial, and to his own counsel, for the fidelity and devotion with which they had sustained his cause, and he closed with a solemn appeal to his Maker and his Judge, before whom all must appear, and before whose tribunal he should assert his innocence, as fearlessly as before that tribunal which had arraigned him here. He then retired, with his wife and son.

Notwithstanding the length of time between the going out and the return of the jury, a large number of persons assembled to hear the verdict, and when Mr. Fairchild made his appearance at the door of the court-room, on his way to his carriage, Court-square was filled with people, and he was received with loud and hearty cheers, which continued until the carriage was out of sight. This sort of approbation may not always be the need of right, but it must be understood that it came from persons who had thronged the court-house during the trial, who had heard the evidence and listened to the arguments, and who delivered their verdict as honestly and conscientiously as did the jury, before whom he was technically tried. The change which has taken place in the minds of the community with regard to Mr. Fairchild, has arisen partly from the character of the evidence against him,—upon which, or upon anything similar to which, one would not hang a dog; and partly from the fact that he came here, disowned, deserted, condemned, almost unanimously by the religious denomination with which he had been connected, liable to social ostracism, and to the prejudices of jurymen, and waiving the technicalities of the law, which would confine the government to a simple act of crime, and compel them to prove upon the stand, its commission, he opened the whole ground and gave to the government complete permission to prove upon him any act, by which he had offended the law. He has been acquitted. Guilty or innocent, he has passed through a severe ordeal, sustained throughout mainly by the presence and support of the person who was most injured and sinned against, if he was guilty, and whose conduct certainly has been beyond all praise.

[Boston Courier.

FIRE AND HORRIBLE DEED.—Our community was horror-stricken on last Thursday morning, by the reported death of Mrs. Mary West, aged about 80 years, and her grandson, Henry Swink, aged about 12 years, living four miles north of this place, whose half consumed bodies were drawn out of the flames of the burning and destroyed dwelling of the deceased. The fire was first discovered about daylight, but it had so far progressed that it was impossible to arrest its entire destruction of the dwelling. The bodies of the unfortunate old lady and her grandson, when discovered and drawn out, were a spectacle most shocking to behold. Nearly all the limbs of each were entirely or partially burnt off; their heads were gone, as if destroyed by fire. A jury of inquest found that the deceased had come to their deaths by the violence of some unknown person or persons, and that the building was then fired. Mrs. West was known to be in possession of several hundred dollars, in silver and paper money; and there is no doubt that the perpetrator of the horrid deed just related was in pursuit of this, and very probably obtained the whole of it.

[Sallybury (S. C.) Watchman.

ANTI-RENT IN DELAWARE.—The guard, consisting of eight privates under the command of Sergeant Niblock, of the Albany Republican Artillery, who proceeded to Delaware county, with State arms and ammunition, returned home on Saturday evening. No attempt was made to molest them; and they report no further disturbances in that region.

Doings of the Legislature.

TUESDAY, March 25.

SENATE.—Mr. Chase from the Committee to which was referred the communication of the Treaty of Washington, made a report, which on motion of Mr. Pillsbury, was laid on the table and five hundred copies ordered to be printed.

On motion of Mr. Otis, Bill to repeal an act entitled an act additional to an act to incorporate the Kennebec Locks and Canal Company, was taken up. Mr. Otis moved to non-concur the House in indefinitely postponing the bill and that it be passed to be engrossed.

The motion was supported by Messrs. Otis and Tallman, and opposed by Mr. Hastings. Mr. Tallman had not concluded, but gave way on a motion to lay on the table.

On motion of Mr. Sherburne, that when the Senate adjourned it adjourn to meet to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.

HOUSE.—Bill to revive the charter of the Kennebec and Portland Rail Road Company, was taken up. Mr. Allen objected to some parts of the bill, and in conclusion moved its indefinite postponement.

Mr. Chapman referred to his opposition to the Atlantic and Montreal Rail Road, on account of certain provisions, and referred to the fact he then stated that all smaller companies would demand similar exemption. He should oppose this bill, and his action would be consistent. The gentleman (Mr. Allen) who favored that bill, did not, on that account, appear to very good advantage in opposing this.

Mr. Allen said he stated, at the time he voted for the bill, that it was an exception to ordinary bills for similar objects.

Mr. Chapman anticipated the answer. The Atlantic road was supported as an exception, because it was going to make a good commercial city of Portland; this bill just passed was urged because it was going to make a great manufacturing place of Lewiston, and the present bill going to build up cities on the Kennebec. This was all very fine.—Mr. C. said the system had been commenced, and there was no end to it. He stated his objection to this bill.

The motion was then lost—yeas 42, nays 69.

The bill then passed to be engrossed.

Bill to incorporate the proprietors of the Dover and Elliot Bridge, came up on its passage to be enacted.

Mr. Hall, moved for the indefinite postponement of the bill, and the motion prevailed by a vote of 44, to 47.

Finally passed—Resolve in favor of Daniel Roberts to lay a tax on the several counties in the State in favor of Insane Hospital.

Passed to be enacted—Bill to incorporate the Milo Manufacturing Company; to incorporate the Megunticook Manufacturing Company; authorizing the erection of a Bridge over tide waters of Little River.

Adjourned to 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

HOUSE.—Mr. Fessenden moved a reconsideration of the vote yesterday refusing a passage to be enacted the bill to incorporate the Dover and Elliot Bridge Company.

The motion prevailed—yeas 63, nays 47. This bill then passed to be enacted, 62 to 30.

Bill to incorporate the Portland Steam Packet Company, was read a second time, and the Senate amendments adopted, and then passed to be engrossed.

Bill regulating the width of wheels and weight of loads on certain roads, was read a third time; several amendments made therein and passed to be engrossed.

WEDNESDAY, March 26.

AFTERNOON.

SENATE.—Passed to be engrossed—Bill to establish the Androscoggin and Kennebec Rail Road Company.

Bill repealing bill on Kennebec Lock and Canal Company was taken up on motion of Mr. Otis.

The motion to non-concur the House was supported by Messrs. Tallman and Otis, and opposed by Messrs. French, Rose and Wood, and was refused—yeas 11, nays 12.

HOUSE.—Resolves relating to the imprisonment of Thos. W. Dorr, came up in order, and passed to be engrossed.

THURSDAY, March 27.

SENATE.—Passed to be enacted—Bill to incorporate the proprietors of the Dover and Elliot Bridge; to incorporate the Milo Manufacturing Company; authorizing the erection of a Bridge over the tide waters of Little River, in the town of Perry.

Finally passed—Resolve in favor of Insane Hospital of Daniel Roberts; laying a tax on several counties in the State.

Passed to be engrossed—Bill to establish the Androscoggin and Kennebec Rail Road Company. Bill to increase the Salary of the Recorder of the Municipal Court of the city of Portland, came from the House refused a passage.

On motion of Mr. Dunn, the Senate non-concurred and passed the bill to be engrossed.

HOUSE.—Finally passed—Resolves in favor of Franklin Green, Jr.; in relation to the distribution of the annual School fund; in favor of Joseph Polard.

Passed to be enacted—Bill to establish the Kennebec and Androscoggin Rail Road; to incorporate the proprietors of the Howland Bridge.

Mr. G. W. Perkins called up the Bill to incorporate the Hallowell Steam Navigation Company, and it was read a third time.

Mr. Allen moved to amend the bill by providing that "if the boat or boats named by said company shall be transported or sailed beyond the limits of this State, the stockholders in said company shall be holden in their individual capacity for all debts due from said company, until the boat or boats shall return to a port or place of destination within the limits of the State." After some debate the bill was amended, passed to be engrossed.

Passed to be engrossed—Bill to incorporate the North Penobscot Manufacturing Company; to authorize the town of Machias to purchase the Bridge in said town for a free Bridge.

Mr. Berry, by leave, laid on the table a bill for the removal of the seat of Government from Augusta to Portland.

FRIDAY, March 28.

SENATE.—Passed to be engrossed—Bill providing for the marking of Sheep, Kennebec in relation to the imprisonment of Thomas W. Dorr; in favor of Charles Abbott.

On motion of Mr. Rose, Resolve providing for a State Valuation was taken up.

Mr. Otis supported the motion of Mr. Tallman, that the report be committed, for examination and correction to a joint select committee of the Legislature. The motion was further supported by Mr. Swan and refused—yeas 8, nays 20.

Mr. Stuart moved to take \$5000 from the town of Cumberland, and annex the same to Falmouth. The amendment was opposed by Messrs. Otis and Swan, and under discussion when the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—Passed to be engrossed—On motion of Mr. R. F. Perkins the House dispensed with a session this afternoon, in order to give the Investigating Committee on North Eastern Boundary claims, an opportunity to meet in the Hall.

The general tax act was taken up.

Mr. Donnell moved to strike out a clause in the bill which provides for the taxation of incomes of all professions and employment, when such income exceeds \$200.

Mr. Paine said that after this provision for taking all incomes above \$300 had been agreed upon in Committee on the Judiciary, he received the petition of C. B. Rollins and 308 others of Bangor, praying that the tax on incomes might be discontinued. He had moved the reference of the petition to the Committee on Finance, in order that it might receive the consideration of that Committee in reporting the annual tax act, if that should be deemed necessary by the failure of this general law. We had in former years presented similar petitions.

and was well satisfied that this amendment which proposes the same thing was founded in correct principle. There is no item of taxation which has been so unequally taxed in the various parts of the State. It is founded in nothing but the imagination of men. To tax a man's next year's income is to tax a non-entity. It is guessing, with a vengeance, without any data to base a calculation upon, and must vary as it has been found in fact, to vary in its application as much as to operate most unequally and unjustly. On the other hand, to tax a man's last year's income, is to tax what has in most instances past out of existence, and there is ample provision made in this bill for taxing any untaxable property of one kind or another. He hoped the amendment would prevail.

This amendment after considerable discussion, was adopted. Several other amendments were offered, some of which (after debate) were adopted, and others rejected. Mr. Milman moved to amend, by striking out a clause which prohibits towns from taxing the track of rail road or real estate &c.

A long discussion ensued on this amendment, after which the question was taken by yeas and nays, and the amendment was rejected—yeas 51, nays 72.

Mr. Milman then proposed to amend so as to tax real estate, simply the tract of land upon which any rail road route be constructed.

Pending this question the Senate adjourned.

SATURDAY, March 29.

SENATE.—Message from the Governor, transmitting Resolves of the Legislature of Massachusetts, in relation to the annexation of Texas, which, on motion of Mr. Dunn, were referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Bill to establish the Portland and Cape Elizabeth Steam Ferry Company, was on motion of Mr. Swanley indefinitely postponed.

Resolves providing for the State Valuation, were further discussed. Messrs. Swan, Tallman, Otis and Berry, were refused, and the resolves passed to be engrossed—as follows:

YEAS.—Messrs. Barnard, Barrett, Chase, Chadwick, Deering, Fry, Hastings, Knowlton, Miller, Monroe, Pillsbury, Porter, Rose, Sargent, Townsend, Wood—16.

NAYS.—Messrs. Berry, Dunn, French, Holmes, Holden, Otis, Skilling, Swan, Tallman, Warren—10.

HOUSE.—Mr. R. F. Perkins called up the Bill to revive the act of 1838, to establish a free Bridge over the Kennebec River, at Augusta, which was read a third time, and passed to be engrossed.

Bill to establish the Portland and Cape Elizabeth Ferry Company, came from the Senate indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Fessenden moved that the House insist on its former vote passing the bill to be engrossed—Lost 45 to 49. On motion of Mr. F. the bill was laid on the table.

Bill to incorporate the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, came up on its passage to be engrossed.

Mr. Allen moved that the Bill be laid on the table

The Muse.

From the Boston Courier.

Ballad of the Alarmed Skipper.

"It was an ancient mariner."

Many a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skipper had a plan,
Of finding out, though lying low,
How near New York their schooners ran.

The custom was, to grease the lead,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck, so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper grey, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, by taste, just the spot,
And so below he'd "dove the gum"
After, of course, his "something hot."

Smug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock—
He slept, and—skippers sleep profound!

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead,
He'd up, and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 'twas Johan Marden's watch;
A wag was Jo, the pecker's son;
No matter how his craft would rock—
He slept, and—skippers sleep profound!

We're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows by taste,
What ground he's on,—Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!

And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it on a box of earth,
That stood on deck, (a parson's bed),
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? please to taste!"
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then opened his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprang!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden—
"Nantucket's end, and here we are,
Right over old Marn Hackett's garden!"

The Story Teller.

Cruise of the Sparkler.

It was upon a bright morning in July, 1814, that the American privateer schooner *Sparkler*, which had been becalmed for eight and forty hours, about sixty miles outside the Bermudas, at last caught the breeze from the Northwest, and made all sail for the Southwest and Eastward. She was of that class of vessels, designated in nautical parlance, "Baltimore Clipper," and it needed but one glance at her symmetrical form to perceive that she was well worthy of her name—about two hundred tons in burden, long, low and sharp, she was yet of great breadth of beam, while her beautiful tapering masts seemed almost to reach the sky. Upon her snow-white decks which were without spring or rise, were mounted sixteen long brass twelve pounders, eight on each side, not run out of the ports, as in a man-of-war, but stowed fore and aft, while her ports were closed, and her hull painted so exactly like that of a merchantman, in various colors, that it required a sharp eye and near observation to discover that she was other than she seemed, a peaceful merchant vessel from Fell's Point, bound to the Spanish Main. In addition to her batteries, she mounted midships, upon a traversing carriage, a long brass forty-two pounder, while her cutlass racks, arm chests and boarding-pikes, the last lashed to the beam, showed she was well prepared for close quarters, and to finish by boarding the war cut out by the great guns. She was withal, well manned. Of her crew of one hundred and eighty men, the greater part were now upon deck, having just finished making sail, and in their dark faces and muscular forms as they carelessly lounged about, might be read the proof that these trusts were bestowed worthily upon men who would fight to the death in defence of their striped and spangled bunting. The Captain of the privateer, dressed with some pretensions to nicety, but wearing a common taupeaulin, had been walking fore-and-aft along the starboard quarter-deck for half an hour in silence, carelessly swinging the spy-glass, with which, ever and anon, he swept the horizon; he now passed by his promenade and addressed the first mate. "Mr. Townsend, I don't like these Irish hurricanes. Here we are, eight days from Hampton-roads, and only just clear of Bermuda. We must make more casting soon, or we shall lose the outward-bound West-Indianman, and be compelled to trust to chance customers."

"Very true, Capt. Benson," replied the first mate, who was at that moment standing on a gun and leaning against the starboard bulwarks: "But—Sail ho!" sung the look-out aloft. "Where away," hailed Benson, while all hands sprung up at the announcement.—"Right ahead sir," was the reply.

This news spread like lightning throughout the vessel, and all hands instantly mustered, ringtails and bonnets were rigged, sail increased as much as possible, and our schooner, wing and wing, continued her course, bearing down for the stranger; while her crew, delighted at the prospect of something professional, were speculating as to the value of the chase and the consequent amount of prize money.

In half an hour, Benson hailed the look-out; "most head, there, what do you make her out to be?" "A large ship, sir," replied the look-out; "her starboard decks boarded, standing to the south-west." Keep her more to the southward, Mr. Townsend, said Capt. Benson, on receipt of this information, "we'll cut her off." "She's a stout lump of a ship, sir," replied the mate, as he obeyed the order, she may be a man-of-war." "Very good, we have the weather-gage," answered Benson, as he went forward to take another look. In an hour's time the stranger was plainly to be seen. She was evidently a large ship, and from her build and appearance, looked much like a man-of-war. This seemed more fully apparent a short time after: for the chase, which had till now appeared unconscious of the presence of the privateer suddenly hauled her wind, and made all sail towards us, while the rapidity with which her course was changed and her canvass crowded, seemed proof positive that she was a man-of-war. This manoeuvre produced some surprise on board the *Sparkler*.

A Scotch prize, Capt. Benson," as he handed him the glass, observed the first mate. "Perhaps so," replied Capt. Benson, composedly, "clear away long Tom there, and double shot both batteries, we will soon see what she is." It was now about noon, and the vessels being in opposite courses, had approached within five miles of each other, and this distance was rapidly diminishing. "The chase is now within range, sir," reported Townsend. "Very good, sir, let drive at him with long Tom and send up the gridiron at the fore," replied Benson.

The flag of the United States waved in the

breeze, and the forty-two spoke in thunder at the moment the order was given.

There was a touch of his quality which the chase had not expected at the hands of the privateer, and the smoke clearing up, showed her bearing off before the wind crowding all sail.

"So much for your man-of-war, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, pointing out the change of course; "she is pulling her heel, and goes off before the wind because that is the worst point in a schooner's sailing. Run out the batteries, load long Tom and open the magazine. We will try this fellow a little, mean while, on board the English West Indianman (for such was the stranger), all was confusion and dismay. Her commander had from the first suspected the schooner was an American privateer, and had adopted the bold course of standing towards her in chase, to give the impression that she was a man-of-war, well knowing that it was in vain to hope to escape by superior sailing from a Baltimore Clipper. The report of the Sparkler's long 42, however, and the sight of the shot, which struck the water just ahead of him, had dispelled all hope of frightening her, and now, as a last resource he put helm hard up and bore away to the southeast, hoping to leave his pursuer astern, until some other ship might heave in sight to save him. This was certainly his wisest course, and his vessel being a fast sailer, and under a press of canvass, made rapid headway. She was the largest class of English East Indianmen, about twelve hundred tons burden, and was now from Plymouth, bound to Jamaica, with a very valuable cargo and a number of passengers; and to defend the whole, carried sixteen twelve pounders and a crew of forty men. "Clear away those guns, my lads, and open the magazines," said the commander of the Indianman, who, though he wished to escape, yet had a stomach for dry knocks. "I wish we had a forty-two pounder for them, we'd fight the Yankees on better terms."

"I hope, Capt. St. John," said a passenger, who at this moment came up to the companion-way, "I hope, sir, you do not intend to fight the American." "Certainly I do, Mr. Tompkins," replied St. John, "he shall not take all our cargo and the ship into the bargain, without fighting for it, I promise you. Why, our cargo alone is worth fifty thousand pounds sterling! Jonathan shall not make his fortune this time if I can prevent it." "But, sir," continued Tompkins seriously, "consider the lady passengers. I beg you to surrender to the American, and perhaps he will treat us well, while if you fight him, he will be enraged and—"

"Kill all our males, and carry our women and children into captivity beyond Babylon, as the scripture has it," interrupted St. John, hastily. "Consider the devil! All the ladies have to do is to stay below and be quiet; and you doubtless will fight to the last in defence of your wife and daughter; so there's another hand to work our guns. I mean he shall treat us well, and as for his rage, why, we'll get angry too. Come, Mr. Tompkins, there's must ket for you." "I shan't touch it, sir," said Mr. Tompkins. "It's against my principles to fight. I will bring the matter before the passengers to see if they will permit you to throw away their lives in this manner," and so saying he went below. "Good luck that," said St. John, laughing at the bravery of his live freight; however, perhaps,—"whizz-z-z" came a forty-two pound shot from the long Tom of the privateer, which interrupted his soliloquy, and passed through his main royal, and shortly after another walked through the bunt of all three of his topsails, and a moment after a third struck his starboard quarter, knocking the splinters about in every direction, while the ladies below screamed at the top of their lungs to mend the matter. "Now my lads," said St. John, quietly addressing his crew, "send up our ensign at the peak, and stand by to shorten sail." Continuing his course for a moment, that the privateer might distinctly see his colors, he then put down his helm, hauled close on the wind, and stood towards her, justly considering it folly to attempt further escape, while every shot raked him fore and aft. That he might go into action in true man-of-war fashion, St. John next ordered to take in the royals, fore and mizzen top-gallant sails and flying jib, hauled up his courses, and depressed both batteries for close quarters, and made every preparation for small arms and cutlasses, to beat off the privateer if possible, and in any event to send some of the Jonathans to Davy Jones' locker. This change in the Englishman's course produced a corresponding one in the privateer. He shortened sail, and perceiving that the Indianman intended to show fight, continued to blaze away with his long 42, directing his shots solely to her decks, not wishing to carry away her spars, or hit her between wind and water, and thoroughly understanding gunnery, his round shot coursed along the decks and cabin of the Indianman with terrible precision, causing some fright and some positive injury to her timid passengers. They were, however, soon huddled into the run in security, not one caring to fight for his dinner; St. John having coldly told them that they would certainly be captured by the privateer, but that he was determined to have the satisfaction of peppering the Yankees, any how. This, however, was not so safe an undertaking; for as the privateer rapidly neared them, grape shot were added to the round in her 42, which scattered around, with their wonted fatal and appalling effect; while the round continued to perform his usual careful and scientific effect, tearing up the decks, dashing in the bulwarks and knocking those terrible missiles, the splinters among the crew, while the crowds of armed men now distinctly seen, clustering about the decks of the privateer, showed full plainly that she was fully prepared for the combat, hand to hand. As one after another of the Indianman's crew were cut down by one or the other of these destructive, the remainder instead of being cowed, were with true bull-dog spirit, only the more exasperated, worked ship with great speed and undaunted bravery; and when the privateer began to open upon them with his harbor battery, they immediately returned the same in coin very spiritedly; and the long 42 of the American being now neglected for the moment, the combat became more equal, each vessel working eight twelve pounders of a side. The commander of the privateer was much surprised at meeting such determined resistance, where he had expected abject submission; and as the vessels neared, soon became aware, from the destructive effect of the English fire, upon his crowded decks, that he must put an end to the present game immediately, and trust to boarding for success. He accordingly changed his course so as to pass

across the bows of the Indianman, intending to rake him thoroughly, and then board him; but St. John, who was in his element, loudly cheering his men, and fighting most determinedly, was fully aware of his intention, and falling off before the wind also, he let drive his whole starboard battery down upon the decks of the American, and among his rigging, carrying away the foregaff and the throat and peak halyards of her mainsail; which last came thundering down by the run; and then despite the broadside of the schooner, which he instantly hauled again upon the wind; so that, disabled as was the privateer, she lay right in the course, and was apparently doomed to be run down by the immense hull of the Indianman. This seemingly inevitable result was prevented, and the whole aspect of the combat changed by one of these small events, which have so often changed the tide of battle. At the moment of receiving the Indianman's broadside, there were two men at the wheel, one instantly killed by a grape-shot, while the other, who escaped unhurt, in his endeavor to free the wheel from the grasp of the dying man, forgetting that the helm was a spoke or two a lee, put it hard up. The schooner still had headway upon her, and she brought her head around to port, so that she being a point upon the Indianman's starboard bow, her jib-boom just swept clear of the ship's cut-water, and in an instant she was lying along her weather side aloft. "Boarders away," shouted Benson, perceiving his advantage, and despite a volley of musketry, which laid low a dozen of his best men and wounded more, he was instantly upon the Indianman's deck backed by a hundred men. The conflict was now brief, and the English captain being struck down, his men conceiving further resistance useless, hauled down their colors, and surrendered; having thus far kept at bay a most overwhelming force, with a determination and effect which proved them worthy representatives of the English name. Quarters being given to all the wounded being handed over to the surgeon of the privateer, the remainder of the Indianman's crew were sent on board the schooner. The Americans then set about securing their prize and repairing damages, and before twilight had darkened into night, both vessels were close hauled upon the wind, still from the northwest standing in for the American coast. The injury to both vessels was principally in their upper-works, spars and rigging, neither having received any material shot between wind and water; so that neither sprung any alarming leak, and what few took place, were soon plugged; and so continuing the repairs of masts, sails, &c., the Indianman having a stout prize crew, they kept on their course for the land. The passengers of the Indianman were treated with the utmost respect, their cabin left entirely for their use. They were all requested to point out their own private property, which would not in any event be touched; and Capt. Benson having further assured them, that they should be landed at Bermuda if possible, they finally came to the conclusion that he was a very polite fellow, and their lot far from forlorn. About midnight, the weather having become very thick, it fell a dead calm, and continued until morning. Now it so happened that an English sloop-of-war of 24 guns, though out of sight, had heard the cannonading of the day previous, and from the heavy report of a single gun at intervals of a few minutes, became convinced that the gun in question was the long Tom of a Yankee privateer. Acting upon this belief, she had so shaped her course that she would probably be near up with the privateer at day-break, rightly judging that upon making the capture, the American would steer for the coast of the United States. In the darkness she had approached the privateer, though neither party was sensible of this proximity, and being becalmed, had laid all night within six miles of her. As the day broke, the wind sprung up from the northwest, and the privateer had just hauled upon it in company with her prize, when the look-out aloft reported a sail! and sure enough, in plain sight to the southeast was an English sloop-of-war crowding every thing in chase.

Surprised, Benson no doubt was, but with his usual promptitude, his plan of operations was instantly laid; and running the schooner under the lee of the Indianman, a line was thrown on board of her, by means of which three more were passed. "Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, "lower away the stern and quarter boats; lay them along side and fill them with men. You will go with them on board the Indianman and make all sail, for in this chase the prize crew will not be sufficient to work her rapidly; and when you have done that, open her hatches, rig whips and top-burtons, toss her boats overboard, and get the most valuable of her twelve-decks cargo on deck with all speed. Further orders I will transmit by signal or otherwise." These commands were soon obeyed, and the boats were sent twice full stowed, both vessels being at the time under full headway. Thus a hundred men from the privateer, were on board the ship very shortly, while the boats were hauled back empty to the schooner and run up at the davits as before. This well manned, the Indianman was instantly under a cloud of canvass, and all her damages being repaired, she proved a crack sailor, and about equal on the wind (her course being N. W.) to the sloop-of-war. The privateer on this, shortened sail to keep abreast of her prize, and all three boomed merrily onward.

"There goes your launch, neighbor," said Benson to St. John, who was walking with him to the quarterdeck of the schooner, as the ship's long boat was tossed overboard according to orders, while the stern and quarter boats followed suit in their small way, thus making quite a fleet adrift, all officers and no seamen, like a French man-of-war. I hope they will have a pleasant cruise. Perhaps the sloop-of-war may pick them up to prevent so shameful a waste of good stuff. That reminds me by-the-by, she may be within range; here, haul that forty-two aft, some of you, we'll try Mr. Bull at long shots. The long Tom was accordingly hauled aft, elevated and let drive; the distance proved greater than Benson had imagined, for although the shot actually hit the sloop-of-war it was too nearly spent to do much injury. This, Mr. Bull determined to repay in coin, but having nothing heavier than a twenty-four pounder, was obliged to elevate so much, that the shot fell wide of the mark astern. It showed however, that the privateer might be hit by a chance shot, and Benson determined to avoid the possibility, however remote, of being crippled in this manner, changed his position so as to bring the Indianman between him

and the sloop-of-war, and that they might be fully aware that his prize was, he ordered to send up at her peak the English ensign under the stars and stripes; and at her mast-head, her privateer signal and all her holi-day bunting usually sported by English West Indianmen. By thus placing the Indianman between him and the man-of-war, where she was more likely to be hit than the sloop, Benson hoped to escape harm through the natural unwillingness of the sloop-of-war to fire upon her own flag. This was a true Yankee trick, and was for a time, for the foregoing reason, successful; the sloop-of-war was contenting herself with crowding all sail in chase, seldom replying to the shots which one after another, with most provoking pertinacity and skill, were pitched always within her vicinity, and frequently plump into her from the privateer's long forty-two; hoping thereby, (herself a prime sailor), to rescue the Indianman in good order, and compel the privateer either to take to his heels alone, or to be sent to the bottom for his covetousness, when he should come down upon him with his reserved fire. Now this was all very fine; but the sloop-of-war, though one of the crack sailors in his majesty's navy when going large (before the wind) was not so excellent when close hauled, and was destitute of the true independent Yankee way of putting the wind's eye out with her flying gib-boom, when on a bowline; accordingly, at this sentimental game, she did not make much. "Capt. Benson," said St. John as the privateer took up her position as before stated, and was firing as fast as her long-tom could be served, "you would soon escape the sloop-of-war, by making sail on the schooner and leaving my ship to take her chance." "You don't say so, shipmate?" replied Benson, with a knowing wink and a true Yankee drawl. "Do tell! I don't do that, sir, by a d—sight." "Sail ho!" hailed the look-out aloft. "Where away?" replied Benson, quickly. "To windward, sir," answered the look-out; and in plain sight on the weather beam, distant not more than eight miles, was a large ship, bearing down, which in the bustle of the chase, had escaped observation.

"An English frigate, by the Lord," shouted St. John, jumping on a gun. "Now, Capt. Benson, what do you say? Shall I take command in the name of his Britannic Majesty, God bless him, or will you flog both the sloop and the frigate?"

"Spin that yarn to marines, my fine fellow," replied Benson, quietly, as he removed the glass from his eye. "There is nothing English about that craft, if I can read oakum." "I'll bet you a dish of stewed catfish legs and a tuckout of grog on that, brother Jonathan," continued St. John, jeeringly; but what she is then? "She is neither American, English, nor French," replied Benson, "and that is all I care for. If she was one of Uncle Sam's forty-four gunners, they would be coming in for a share of the prize money, and I don't want any of their assistance, so I am satisfied as it is. Keep up your fire, my lads. Straight as you go, quarter-master."

The sloop-of-war seemed to have been aware of the presence of the frigate before, for she continued the chase, occasionally firing a gun apparently aimed at the rigging of the Indianman; and although the frigate was rapidly approaching, seemed to think she had nothing to fear. For half an hour such was the state of affairs on all sides, and this time amply sufficed to bring the frigate within half a mile of the privateer, and her weather beam heading as it passed between her and the sloop-of-war. Benson now sent up the American flag at the fore, and at the same instant a broad banner blew out clear at the fore-sky sail mast-head of the frigate, disclosing amidst its rustling folds, the armorial bearings of the battle ensign of the Danish crown; while far astern, at the mast-head of the sloop-of-war, glowing in the sunbeams, waved the meteor flag of England. Firing one gun across the privateer's bows, and another across the sloop-of-war's, the frigate continued her course a moment longer, and then hove to immediately between them, sending up a white flag at the main. "The English of that Capt. St. John," said Benson, smiling, "his heaven-to and send your boat on board, and knock off firing because I am between you; so delay all with that forty-two, and take a severe turn round the hen-coop." He then made a signal for the Indianman to heave-to; and when she had done so, shortened sail on the schooner, and laid her right along side of his prize, under her lee. "Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, as his boat was lowered and manned, "you will turn to all hands, and toss that cargo on board of us, as if the devil was after you, while I board the frigate. How's this?" he continued, pausing at the gangway, "the sloop-of-war has not hove-to." Such was the fact. The sloop-of-war being some three or four miles from the frigate, continued her course, without minding the summons of the Dane, and his disobedience of her orders, was apparently not observed on board the frigate.

"That's a good one, Johnny War," shouted St. John, clapping his hands. "You perceive Captain Benson, that my countrymen yonder do not care a straw for the frigate's orders; she's neutral and has no business to interfere." The Dane, however, was not idle, and waiting quietly until the sloop-of-war was within half a mile of her, she then fired two guns in quick succession, the shot of the first passed merrily over the water just ahead of the Englishman, while the second whistled between his main and mizzen masts. That decided the point; the sloop instantly backed her main top sail, while her Captain jumped into his boat, pulled for the frigate chock full of wrath at the interruption of his pastime.

"A race, my lads," said Benson, who jumped into his boat at this moment also; "she's as near the frigate as we are, give way!" Now the etiquette of man-of-war pronounces it most honorable to board at the starboard gangway, which, as the Dane lay hove-to, was the side towards the privateer, and when her boat was within a few lengths of the ladder, the boat of the sloop-of-war came under the frigate's stern, making for the same gangway, it being of course, beneath the Englishman's dignity to go on board at the other. Benson was as full of fun as his opponent was of wrath, and no sooner became aware of this fact, than he steered directly for the bow of the other boat, and his own being a sharp whale boat, he ran her right aboard with such force and good will, that all the English oarsmen "caught crabs," while their commander, who was standing at the moment, was nearly thrown overboard by the concussion.

"Old England forever! Rule Britannia," shouted Benson, as he shoved in at the ladder; "hope you are not drowned, my lord. I say

my lord, I guess that are was as solid as one of my forty-two's love tape. What's your opinion, my lord? If a fellow was to serve me such a sweeter as that, my lord, d—n my bloody eyes, my lord, if I wouldn't be into his pork barrel about east, my lord. I say, Mr. Bull," as he deliberately mounted the ladder, "wouldn't have you expect I meant to do that are. Oh! no, my lord, it was all an accident done on purpose. Come aboard, my lord, after me in manners." The Englishman out of all patience, threw a stretcher at Benson's head, and following, as he needs must, since he could not lead, dashed upon deck, boiling over with wrath; while to add to his vexation, the officers and seamen standing around, tho' ignorant of English, were laughing heartily at the practical wit of the Yankee. Once upon the quarter-deck, Benson altered his tone, and uncovering and bowing politely to the Danish captain, he addressed him in French, informing him who and what he was, and where bound, thus giving his version of the story, while the Englishman stood by awaiting his turn. At length, he also, in obedience to the commands of the Dane, gave his name and that of his vessel, Capt. Stanley of H. B. M. sloop-of-war L—, and bitterly complained of the interference of a neutral power with his chase of a privateer; and having warmed with his subject, he categorically demanded the name of the vessel and her commander, who dared to heave-to an English man-of-war, and wound up with the declaration, that unless he was allowed instantly to open his fire upon the American, he would report the Dane to the lords of the Admiralty, and through them to the King of Denmark. "All this is very good, sir," replied the captain of the frigate, not in the least ruffled by the furious tone of the Englishman; "you are on board his Danish Majesty's frigate Dannebrog, which I, the Baron Augustus Van Havenbrag have the honor to command; but now that I have ascertained what you both are, you must allow Capt. Benson as much time as will place him as far ahead of you as he was when I first ordered him to heave-to." "D—d if I do, that's all," growled Capt. Stanley. "But you shall, sir," replied the Baron, secretly wishing to favor the American, though this proposition was only justice, "and more over, I shall allow no fighting between you, while my ship is in presence."

"Which course does your lordship intend to steer?" asked Benson, very innocently, winking at the Englishman. "Toward the American coast, sir," replied the Baron, understanding him at once. "That's just my course my lord," continued Benson demurely; "and I'll keep under your lordship's lee." "I'll be d—d if you shall, sir," broke Capt. Stanley, whose patience was fast vanishing before the jibes of the Yankee. "Don't know how you can prevent me, sir," replied Benson very composedly, shutting his starboard eye, and squinting horribly with the other. "Quietly, gentlemen, quietly," said the Dane gravely, "just step into my cabin and take dinner with me, we will talk this matter over. No refusal gentlemen, come along." Capt. Stanley, tho' wishing the Dane to the devil, could not refuse while Benson, enjoying the fun, gladly accepted the invitation, and all descended to the cabin, and sat down to dinner. "Now then, gentlemen," said the Baron, as he adjusted the napkin in the most scientific manner, and made the other requisite preparations for taking his allowance aboard, "nothing so much injures digestion as violent talking, therefore we will eat our dinner in peace, and discuss this matter over our wine. Capt. Stanley, allow me to give you a bit of my majesty's junk;" and during dinner he talked over the news, the best method of ascertaining longitude by D. R. an improvement he had made in the log, and narrated some well twisted yarns. With all this display Benson was much pleased, as he knew it would give time for his men to get out the Indianman's cargo, and accordingly swallowed the Baron's stories, and laughed so heartily at his jokes, that he made quite a lodgment in the Dane's good opinion; while Stanley, too angry to eat or talk, answered only when addressed and then only in monosyllables. "Well, gentlemen," said the Baron, as he finished relating an out-and-out, and passed the bottle for the twelfth time, "we will now arrange this matter. When I hove-to the sch., she was four miles from the sloop-of-war; it is of course, fair that she should now have the same advantage. You, Capt. Stanley, will therefore remain hove-to, until Capt. Benson has made this headway, and then you can continue your chase. But, Capt. Benson, I cannot allow either you or your prize to keep under my lee, for I should by so doing violate my neutrality; and although I shall keep in sight of you, it will be only to see the result of the game, as I shall not interfere in any way."

"If you please, my lord," said Benson, a comical idea entering his cranium at this moment, "thirty minutes truce from the time I reach my vessel, will suit me as well as four miles headway. In that time I shall return the Indianman's crew and passengers on board of her, and we will then escape by running or fighting as it may happen." "That is very fair, sir," replied the Dane; "and with that, Capt. Stanley, I think you will be satisfied. At the end of thirty minutes truce, I shall fill away, and leave you to fight your own battles, and at that we will consider it settled." So saying he returned upon deck, followed by the rivals. Capt. Stanley, though little pleased with this decision, felt that it was useless to remonstrate, and suddenly mounted the gangway to descend into his boat, when on glancing at the privateer, a sight greeted his eyes, which made him pause and give vent to several anathemas. Now it so chanced that the privateer, having nearly cleared the Indianman of the most valuable part of her cargo, were at this moment, tossing the cases of silk and chests of tea, in a perfect shower over her gunwale upon the deck of the schooner; while the multitude of cases, boxes, &c., which lay about the American's deck, showed plainly that Jonathan had well improved his time. "This was too much for Capt. Stanley's nerves, and jumping back upon deck, he angrily demanded of the Danish Baron, that Benson should be compelled to restore the cargo of the Indianman. "That, sir," replied the Baron, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, is none of my business, and no part of Capt. Benson's agreement. He agreed to leave the ship to take her chance, but said nothing about the cargo; you must help that as you can. And furthermore, sir, he added sternly, if you offer to brace up until I do, which I shall do as soon as the thirty minutes have expired, I shall consider it a personal insult, and shall open my fire upon you immediately. So adieu, gentlemen

(Concluded on second page.)



The best remedy known to the world for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Bleeding of the Lungs, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Influenza, Shortness of Breath, Pain and Weakness in the Breast or Side, Liver Complaint, and the first stages of CONSUMPTION.

A THOUSAND CURES in cases deemed utterly hopeless, have been firmly established in vast superiority over every former medical discovery. It has been styled "Nature's own Prescription," being a compound of chemical extracts from Wild Cherry Bark and Tar—two trees that are thickly scattered wherever diseases of the lungs prevail. We give a few instances of its extraordinary power, from a catalogue almost without end.

A lady (address will be given at the New York Agency) who was given up by all her physicians to die of consumption, and a hard tumor for months on the side—was cured among her quantities of matter a sort of long substance—had taken no medicine for two months, being past all hope—entirely cured by a few bottles of this Balsam in September and October, 1844.

A. Williams, Esq., Attorney, &c., New York, cured of spasmodic asthma of 25 years' standing, certified to by Recorder Tallmadge and J. Power, D. D.

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Jacob Hoffman, M. D., Huntington, cured a child of P. Schrevel, of obstinate disease of the lungs after he had tried all the usual remedies.

"There is no such thing as a free lunch" in the history of this wonderful BALSAM. Evidence the most convincing—evidence that no one can doubt—fully establishes this fact. For the sake of brevity, we select the following from these cases.

Isaac Platt, Esq., Editor of the *Puget Sound Eagle*, one of the most influential papers in the state of New York, states, under the authority of his own name, that a young lady, a relative of his, of very delicate constitution, was attacked in February, 1842, with severe cold, which immediately produced spitting of blood, cough, fever, and other dangerous and alarming symptoms. Through medical treatment and care she partially recovered during summer. But on the return of cold weather she was attacked more violently than at first; she became scarcely able to breathe, and was troubled with cough, chills and fever every day, and appeared to be going rapidly with consumption; at this time, when there was a sign of improvement, Mr. Platt procured a bottle of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which she took, and it seemingly restored her. She got a second, and before it was half taken, she was restored to perfect health, which she has enjoyed to the present time, without the slightest symptom of her former disease.

Mr. Platt says: "the cure came under my own observation, and I cannot be mistaken as to the facts."

Extract of a letter from a Postmaster, dated Penrose, Washington Co. Me., April 29, 1844.

Mr. Isaac Butts, I have the request of many of my friends in this place and vicinity who are afflicted with consumption and liver complaints, I take the liberty of asking you to appoint some one in this county as agent to sell Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and to send him a few dollars, as there is a demand for it here, and I have no doubt that it would meet with a ready sale, if it were where it could be procured without too much expense and delay.

My wife was attacked about six months since with what the physicians called the first stage of consumption—having seen the balsam advertised in August, 200 miles from here, I took the pains to send there for a bottle of it, which she took, and which helped her so much that she was able to get up, and she has not felt so well for six years as she does at this time. All those who have inquired of me and ascertained what effect the Balsam had, are anxious to have some for use in this vicinity, which is the cause of my writing to you.

Please inform me by return of mail whether you conclude to send some, and if so, to whom, in order that it may be known where it can be had.

I am, with respect, yours, &c. P. G. FARNSWORTH, P. M.

The whole country is fast learning that no medicine—no physician—no preparation of any kind whatever—can equal Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

A TRULY WONDERFUL CURE.

Waterville, Oseola Co. N. Y., Sept. 15, 1845. Dear Sir—I owe it to the afflicted to inform you that in January last, I was attacked by a very violent cold, caused by working in the water, which settled on my lungs. It was accompanied by a very severe pain in my breast and sides, and also a distressing cough. I had attended all the best medical aid in our village; but after exhausting all their skill to no avail, they pronounced my disease a confirmed consumption, and they one and all gave me up to die. After much persuasion, I was induced to try Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, prepared by Dr. Wistar. I purchased of the Agent in our place one bottle, before using half of which I began to gain strength, and it was very evident my cough was much better, and my symptoms in every way improved. I have now used three bottles, and am restored to perfect health. This result is alone owing to the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry; and I take this opportunity of giving you the information, partly to you, and partly to the public, that I have now and then seen others similarly afflicted who know where to apply for relief.

Very truly yours, JAMES SAGE.

Mr. Palmer, Druggist, under date of Waterville, Sept. 24, 1845, writes:

The statement given you by Mr. James Sage is well known to be true by this whole community. It certainly was a most remarkable cure. The sale of the Balsam is very good, and its success in cures truly flattering.

Yours respectfully, D. D. PALMER.

The most remarkable cure ever recorded.

Haddonsfield, N. J., April 23, 1845. On or about the 13th day of October, 1841, I was taken with a violent pain in the side, near the liver, which continued for about five days, and was followed by the breaking of an ulcer, or abscess, inwardly, which relieved the pain a little, but caused me to throw up a great quantity of offensive matter, and also much blood. Being greatly alarmed at this, I applied to a physician; but he said he thought he could do little for me, except give me some Mercury Pills, which I refused to take, feeling satisfied that they could do me no good; and other remedies were then prescribed by my wife and friends, but none did me any good—and the discharge of blood and corruption still continued every few days, and at last became so offensive that I could scarcely breathe. I was also seized with a violent cough, which at times caused me to raise much more blood than I had done before—and this distressing disease continued in this way, still growing worse, until February, when all hope of my recovery was given up, and my friends all thought I would die of a *Gallipung Consumption*. At this moment, when my life was apparently near its close, I heard of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and got a bottle, which I received immediately; and by the use of only three bottles of this medicine, all my pains were removed—my cough and spitting of blood and corruption entirely stopped, and in a few weeks my health was so far restored as to enable me to work at my trade, (which is a carpenter), and up to this time I have enjoyed good health.

THOMAS COLENS.

Personally read before me, the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for the said county, Thomas Cozens, and being duly affirmed according to law, said the above statement to be in all things true.

Affirmed before me, on the 20th day of April, 1845. J. CLEMENT, J. P.

Such is the unprecedented success of this Balsam.

"NATURE'S FAVOURITE PRESCRIPTION," a prescription congenial to our wants, as it is prepared from chemical extracts from substances which the Author of nature has placed in our own land for selling purposes, and many who know nothing of the mode of its preparation, are quickening to reap pecuniary benefits by selling an article similar in name, or in appearance, or by representing their own trash as superior to this Balsam, or putting up a false foreign country, which is not the case. All these deceptive arts go to show that Wistar's Balsam is known to the world to be "The Great Remedy," and that to sell any mixture must be like this in name or purport, to be like it in substance.

Believe not the cunningly wrought fabrications—and take only the original and genuine Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. No other can be like it.

Address all orders to ISAAC BUTTS, No. 32 Ann St. N. Y.

For sale by EREN FULLER, Agent, Augusta, March 15, 1845.

GERMAN TONIC BITTERS, a celebrated remedy for Dyspepsia, for sale by DILLINGHAM &